

THE MYSTERIES OF MYRA

AN INSPIRING NOVEL AND
MOTION-PICTURE DRAMA

Written by Hereward Carrington and
Dramatized by Charles W. Goddard.
Pictures Shown at Victor Theater.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Myra Maynard, a beautiful heiress, is pursued by a band of criminals, known as the Black Order, under the direction of a strange mystic, whose object is to kill the girl by occult means. In order to escape the clutches of the Black Order, Myra is forced to flee her home, a wealthy clubman, is the favored aristocrat of the underworld. He is the tool of the Black Order, and he is the one who is responsible for the girl's peril. Myra is pursued by the Black Order, and she is forced to flee her home. Myra is pursued by the Black Order, and she is forced to flee her home.

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

"Look, look! Isn't it wonderful? I can see it!" she cried in ecstasy.

Myra's eyes fluttered and the look of wonderment in their azure depths changed to a smile, as she turned to watch her mother.

"Poor, dear mama! She is quite impossible in some things, isn't she?" she murmured. "But, please go on, doctor."

Alden looked nervously and doubtfully at Mrs. Maynard, who was having a truly enjoyable time.

"Mother, you mustn't interrupt our experiments," pleaded Myra, gently.

"Oh, my dear, I am not interrupting you," replied Mrs. Maynard, with enthusiasm. "I believe that I have powers which I never suspected."

"Have you discovered your soul, dear?" asked the girl, mischievously. "I feel quite sure that I have."

"And is it a fashionable color?" Mrs. Maynard asked thoughtfully through the microscope.

"It seems to be Alice blue, with a tinge of ashes of roses pink," she ventured, slowly.

"That proves that you have a wonderful imagination," commented Alden. "Keep on, Mrs. Maynard, you are on the right track."

Mrs. Maynard did not sense the irony, but she kept on.

Alden beckoned to the doorway of his laboratory.

Mrs. Maynard followed.

"Let's try the hypnotizing machine. Your mother will have a little soul trip, personally conducted to the end of the rainbow, and we won't be disturbed in here."

Alden led Myra to a chair in front of the big hypnotizing machine—such as is used for experimental work and psycho-therapeutic treatment in up-to-date hospitals.

This curious instrument consisted of a great black box, with a front of a lustrous black canopy. It was about seven feet in diameter and placed around a foot apart, between which were steel rods radiating from the center. Alden's deft manipulations of a little central crank caused the apparatus to tilt forward on its axis. Myra regarded it with awe, yet there was an expression of absolute trust in the girl's sweet face which thrilled, and almost frightened, Fayson Alden.

"We will fight it out, though the path be beset with ten thousand occult perils," he thought. "White magic must prevail."

CHAPTER XV.
A Journey Into the Unseen.

"Now, Miss Myra, we will try the most interesting experiment in the whole psychic world. That is the astral journey. Your hand was projected from your body, and your aura showed that you are unusually gifted in occult strength. Have no fear."

The girl shook her head demurely. "Why should I have, with you to direct?"

Alden flushed, although the darkened room prevented the girl from observing his mental confusion.

"You know there is only one danger in projecting the astral body, and that is that the astral thread, as it is called, be snapped. It must be frank and tell you this," he continued, "for when we know dangers we understand them, and that is the only way we will remember what I say. It will be the inner mind which will guide you if your astral does emerge from the physical."

"And where shall I go?"

"I do not know. Your mind, your soul alone will determine that. For it knows, all the time, just what it is doing. When the astral leaves the physical body, your aura shows that the flesh which remains behind and which I will see. The only connection is the tiny spirit chord which knits the two together. When that is broken it means death."

Even as she spoke Alden had touched an electric switch which caused the wheel to revolve very slowly.

Another connection turned on hidden lights which caused facets of light to flash from the circle of mirrors.

Myra looked up at the whirling glasses, which gradually increased in speed and luminosity as Alden skillfully manipulated the controls. The girl grew rigid and sank back recumbently in the chair.

"The blood seemed to leave her face, and the muscles to turn to ice, as the effect of the automatic control increased."

Slowly Alden stepped between the quiet figure and the whirling wheel. Then he repeated the pulling gestures which had resulted in the projection of the hand before.

Unseen by the physician, a wraith had "melted" from the physical envelope of the girl, and stood beside the unconscious body, a faint, ethereal glow emanating from her.

Even as the spirit form extended a warning hand to him, it seemed to be drawn, like so much smoke, through a ventilator fan, into the center of the spinning wheel.

Where it had gone, how it had gone, Alden could not tell.

the rigid figure, caressing and chafing her wrists and hands.

"Myra, Myra! Wake up, child!" she wailed, the tears streaming down her face.

Alden anxiously pinched her skin, and applied a half dozen other tests. There was no nervous reaction whatever. He ran to his desk for his stethoscope.

"Her heart is all right. She is breathing very lightly, so faintly that you can hardly detect it," he said finally. "But there is nothing wrong."

"Nothing wrong? Why, doctor, . . . you're murdering my child before my eyes!"

"Be calm, Mrs. Maynard. Your daughter's astral body has left us, and she is on some strange journey which will mean much to her," he answered steadily.

"What do you mean?"

"I believe that she has sent her soul in search of the persons who are persecuting her. You know that she is the victim of a terrible conspiracy. You have lost two other daughters in this manner, perhaps your husband died in their hands."

His voice was resonant with mastery. He fairly thundered at her, as he added:

"Now, you must help me and help Miss Myra for her own sake. The Black Order has come for us to face the truth, without fear. Be quiet, until we get some sign from her."

Mrs. Maynard looked at him pitifully, for the mother instinct was stronger than logic, more urgent than the profession of a doctor.

The earnestness, indeed, of a greater emotion than mere scientific interest, had been in her face. Fayson Alden had cared more for her daughter than even he would admit. And so she resigned herself to the inevitable, with a blind faith in his ability to save the situation.

The shock of Myra's appearance, in his glacially cold face, of the same fate which had overtaken the other two sisters, had been a terrible suffering, which the family tragedy had kept continually in her mind combined to bring a snapping of the overtaxed nerves.

She fainted, and the physician ran to her side.

He placed her in another chair, and administered first aid, torn between conflicting duties.

Had he been studying the face of his subject he might have noticed about this time a tremendous quivering of the muscles of the center of the soul-journey, which indicated that the Black Order, in which it seemed continual watchfulness was the rule, obediently followed the command.

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face evidenced a frightful struggle against the evil power which was engulfing her.

The astral form sank to the position of entreaty on bended knees. The piteous look, the pleading arms, the struggle for human existence racked the emotions of Varney; yet, his fear of the great captain of evil within the curtained portal, his aversion to that promise of future reward kept him to his task.

"Mine for a thousand thousand of years!" he murmured, as his voice led the chorus of all the rest.

But unknown to any of the others one will was fighting them, although the brown hands were weaving the same ominous gestures through the air.

The Oriental, his erstwhile calm features gnarled in a supreme contortion which echoed the spiritual battle within his soul, was fighting against the psychic momentum, that diabolical outburst of the thirteen other souls about him.

The Hindoo saw the girl sinking beneath the oppression of the outnumbering will; she was succumbing in this maddening maelstrom of devilish forces.

"She is a flower crushed beneath the feet of a multitude," he thought, as he threw all the power of his trained mind, inured to concentration through years of esoteric study, in the East. "A bird among beasts of prey!"

But the astral figure was weakening. The little hands now covered the drooping head as he was ward off the blows of the cruel assailants.

"She is lost!" muttered the Hindoo, in despair.

"We are triumphant!" exclaimed Varney, under his breath, as his dark eyes gleamed triumphantly.

CHAPTER XVI.
Prayer When Science Fails.

Dr. Alden had turned the side of the silent body.

Mrs. Maynard, resuscitated, leaned over the white face, stroking the aureole locks tenderly.

"Look, doctor!" she exclaimed, almost in a shriek. "See the cold perspiration on her forehead—it is dripping!"

"Oh, doctor, Myra is dying!" she cried, in a voice of despair.

She sank to her knees hopelessly.

Mother's instinct, the prompting of a thousand years in such a stress, asserted itself. Mrs. Maynard buried her face in her hands, and sobbed.

She moved in barely audible prayer.

"What can I do?" and Alden's lips trembled, for he too had lost faith in his ability to bring back the wandering spirit.

He looked about him in nervous frenzy.

He sank to his knees, to add his entreaties to the mother's.

Unwittingly, they had cast against the spell of the devil worshipers the only antidote to that pervasive force—faith.

The girl lay motionless, a pale, white magic power more intense than even the powers of the spirits of evil.

Neither of them saw the fluttering of the eyelids, the softening relaxation of the rigid face.

But Myra, as she returned to earthly vision, looked down upon the two figures, and her surprise was as though it were the most natural act in the world.

"Mother, I've come back!"

"Oh, thank God!" cried her mother, burst into happy tears. "Oh, my little girl, touch me, look at me, speak to me. Tell me once that you are safe!"

The girl laughed, weakly, but true, with the old familiar ring in the silvery voice.

"I'm here, mother—but, oh, it was terrible! I'm glad to be in your arms once more."

Alden mopped his forehead; his face broke into a smile, although a few moments before he had felt as though he could never smile again.

He arose stiffly. He leaned for support against his cabinet, for, he too, had been fighting the great battle with more than ordinary vigor of vital force than he had ever realized was his.

"Heaven be praised!" he said earnestly. "We thought—you had—gone—forever."

The girl lifted her arms. Then she frowned.

"Oh, how they hurt!"

She hurried to her desk for some liniment. He rubbed and massaged the muscles with his inimitable skill as she smiled into his eyes reassuringly.

"You will be all right in a few minutes now. Don't worry about that. The astral came back this way first. You use your hands to express your emotions so much that they are more sensitive than any other part of your body. That is because you are a musician as well. Do you feel bad any place else?"

Myra placed a hand over her heart, a bit weakly. "I feel as though something had been tugging, tugging, up to the breaking point."

The girl laughed, weakly, but true, with the old familiar ring in the silvery voice.

that telepathy whose existence she had previously ridiculed. Maternal prudence prompted intercession. She caught up Myra's cloak and threw it about her shoulders.

Alden blinched, but he dared not to waken himself from that unrealizable dream.

"Yes, yes—that's right," he stammered awkwardly. "You must go home and rest. Do not let your mind dwell on these troublesome things until we can have another long talk."

He followed them to the automobile, and the lingering touch of the little hand in his own was a fragrant memory which lingered cheerfully through the bitter hours of the night.

Once in his study again, his face grew livid in its sternness. He opened a desk drawer, lifted a revolver from it and smiled significantly at its menacing barrel.

"Spirits are spirits," he muttered, "but a little lead poisoning is apt to prove very soothing to the most turbulent of them! I'll try a little bullet in the chest, and I may surprise these assassins!"

He slipped the weapon into his hip pocket and hurried to his telephone.

"Ah, Professor Hagi, I am glad to reach you. Can you hurry up to my study? I have many important developments to report to you."

There was a musical laugh at the other end of the wire as the Hindoo replied eagerly:

"Is she all right, doctor? I know of my, you have feared for the return of the astral form, but I believe it will draw back too quickly it might damage the reason, or have a dangerous physiological effect. Once, when I projected myself—"

But Alden interrupted impatiently.

"She is splendid. She is a wonderful psychic herself, and the experiment was successful, after all. I have even convinced her mother of the serious business of this thing, and for my faithful comrade, Dr. Alden."

"Very well, my good friend. But I am busy on a new kind of work—I, a high caste Brahmin, am becoming a common laborer, and for my faithful comrade, Dr. Alden."

The physician was almost irritable. "This is too serious for jesting. I must get into the Black Order immediately."

"Exactly, Doctor Alden. And I am now in my humble lodging, pricking my thumbs and fingers with needles, and waiting for the return of the astral form. I will tell you all about it when I see you."

"Ha!" and there was a triumphant ring in the physician's laugh. "I took a look at the Black Order, and now I'm going into it with both hands and the rest of my body. Lose no time!"

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

CONFEDERATE MUSEUM IS POPULAR ATTRACTION

Recently Opened Year-Book Shows That It Is One of the Most Popular Attractions in the City.

The Editor of The Times-Dispatch.

This is written to call your attention to a publication of a notable work that is too little known to our community.

It is the Year Book, 1915, of the Confederate Memorial Association, which is now on sale at the Confederate Museum.

It has been doubted that this museum is one of the chief, if not the chief, asset of this city, a reading of the Year Book will show you that it is.

The number of visitors registered at the museum in the last year is a record, and the number of visitors registered at the museum in the last year is a record.

A total of 11,258. Of these, 6,312 were Northern and 4,946 were Southern. The museum is a popular attraction in the city.

The museum was opened in 1915 with bare walls and empty rooms, no promise of the future. To-day every space is filled, and the museum is a popular attraction in the city.

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DEFENSE OF ALASKA AN IMPORTANT MATTER

Should Be Considered in Preparedness of Present Session of Congress.

POSSIBLE DANGERS IN WAR

Coal and Oil Resources May Decide Whether We Are to Win or Be Defeated in Case of Conflict With Japan.

(Copyright, 1916, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

CORVOVA, Alaska, May 25.—The preparedness program of the present Congress should include large appropriations for the defense of Alaska.

As a naval base, this territory is a key to the northern Pacific. As far as fuel for our battleships is concerned, it is the key to our whole Pacific coast, as well as to Hawaii and the Philippines.

Indeed, its coal and oil resources may some day decide whether we are to have victory or defeat in a war with Japan.

Practically the only good steaming coal in our Pacific coast territories lies here in Alaska. The Asiatic fleet of the United States is based in the neighborhood of 500,000 tons per annum, and the coaling stations of the Hawaiian Islands and of the Philippines will be supplied from here.

It is of enormous importance that the coal fields near which the coal lies be amply protected and defenses should be at once instituted for all the approaches to Resurrection Bay, the terminus of the Seward railroad. That road leads to the Matanuska coal fields, and the branch line opening them will be completed this year.

The coal will come from Cordova, where this letter is written. That road leads to the Matanuska coal fields, and the branch line opening them will be completed this year.

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